THE
UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. III. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1878. NO. 4

Middlebury College,

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN.—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK.—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra through Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires (Macleane), Cicero, De Officiis or Tusculan Disputations (Chase), Tacitus, Histories or Germania and Agricola (Tyler), Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in writing Latin and Greek, German (Whitney's Grammar and Reader), Analytical Geometry (Loomis), Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical, Mensuration, Surveying, with practice in the field, Navigation (Loomis), Calculus (Loomis), Trench's Study of Words and English Past and Present, Rhetoric (Hart), Physiology (Dalton).

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian (Frieze), Select Plays of Terence (Davies), or Satires of Juvenal (Escott), German (Whitney's Grammar and Reader), Natural Philosophy (Snell's Olmstead), Astronomy (Loomis), Chemistry (Elliot and Storer), Botany (Gray), Rhetoric (Whately), Logic (Jevons), Evidences of Christianity (Paley).

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy (Perry), International Law (Woolsey), History of Civilization (Guizot), Butler's Analogy, Fine Art (Torrey), Natural Theology (Paley), Intellectual Philosophy (Porter), Moral Science (Alexander, Peabody), History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology (Dana), Zoology (Tenney), English Literature (Taine), Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

There are also valuable libraries belonging to the Philomathesian and Philadelphian Societies.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has all the more important English and American periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason, in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

A well-appointed Laboratory, with a separate desk for each student, furnishes unusual facilities for the study of Chemistry.

In Botany and Geology numerous expeditions into the surrounding country are organized. In Botany, each student is required to prepare a herbarium containing at least seventy-five specimens, and a prize is offered for the largest and best collection.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1877. Sept. 6.—Fall Term began, Thursday.
Dec. 18.—Fall Term ends, Tuesday.
Winter vacation of three weeks.
1878. Jan. 10.—Winter Term begins, Thursday.
Mar. 26.—Junior Exhibition, Tuesday evening.
Mar. 26—Winter Term ends, Tuesday.
Spring vacation of two weeks.
Apr. 11.—Spring Term begins, Thursday.
June 25.—Annual Examination begins, Tuesday.
June 30.—Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society, Sunday.
July 1.—Examination of candidates for admission, Monday.
July 2.—Anniversary of the Associated Alumni.
July 3.—Commencement, Wednesday.
Summer vacation of ten weeks.
Sept. 12—Fall Term begins, Thursday.

For Catalogue and any information, address the President,

C. B. Hulbert,

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MERCHANT TAILOR

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

The Undergraduate.

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FIRST SNOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MORITZ HARTMANN.

On the trees there lies the first snow,
Trees yesterday green in their leaf —
O'er our dreams there comes the first woe,
Dreams yesterday glad with belief.

First snow doth the sun quickly melt,
As he lingers in radiance o'er it —
First woe's wound too deeply is felt
For joy's beam to ever restore it. F.

A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL ART.

The material progress of America has been something wonderful. Manufactures, invention, commerce, speculation, have thriven, and almost every form of material industry evinced itself, from the building of highways across the continent, to the business of the huckster and the bootblack at the corner. And we have seen something better than this material growth — a sublime patriotism has flashed forth at moments in our history, and won for us a military glory that is imperishable. Our Universities likewise bespeak a fruitful work in the fields of classic and scientific lore. We have had statesmen and orators, and jurists of distinction, and literati, not princely by the side of Shakespeare, but dear to us and known to the world. But the artistic spirit in America has scarcely been awakened, as indeed our whole intellectual life hitherto has retained much of the frost of the winter of 1620. We have no national music; we have no national art, except, as the cynic would here interpolate, the arts of diplomacy and money-getting. New York, with all its masts and warehouses, its roar of traffic and dust of trade, has no Royal Academy, no Vatican and no Louvre. We have not even one dome of a St. Peter's, a St. Mark's or a Notre Dame, whose towering splendor o'erarches the works of mighty masters. Our national art galleries as yet remain unfounded, and our national artistic taste, as before asserted, is yet almost to be created; and we say this not forgetting the noble work of such Americans as Allston, West, Greenough, Powers, and not the least, Mr. W. W. Story. But why, asks the skeptical, should we have an American art? It ought to be enough, that in agriculture, in invention and in manufactures we have no superior, and it should be impressed on us, that the artistic mission was fulfilled by the Middle Ages, it being for us to lay broad and deep the foundations of civil and religious liberty, to demonstrate the worth of homely virtue, and the paramount importance of individual comforts and the satisfaction of individual wants. We would not see back again even the days of Leo the Tenth and of Raphael, days of splendid churches and of beggared devotees, of royal mausoleums and unrighteous extortion, of imperial and ecclesiastic rule, of religious form and political oppression. The grandeur of Italian temples is testified against by the very lazzaroni in their gates, and the ignorance, the poverty, and the wretchedness beyond them. And though St. Mark's still stands, a silence as of death reigns in its city, from which both glory and sceptre have departed. Then, too, we can have artistic taste and the study of artistic principles without having treasure locked up in galleries and cathedrals, without opening a possible and even probable door for the service of error, and a mere sensuous gratification. We can never hope to excel the works of the earlier ages, and these still exist as the proper and sufficient objects of our study and admiration.

Such are the sentiments of many, by whom the desirability of an artistic influence is undisputed, but in whose thought a national, American art would be an ultimate source of evil or a necessary slave of error, as they maintain that all past

art has been, at some period of its growth, usually that of its highest perfection. With them, the beauty of color and form and outline is sure to be prostituted; the architecture of capitols and temples to be a final source of national and enervate luxury; the contents of national galleries the objects of a sensuous idolatry, and a constant impetus towards degeneracy and downfall.

But while the past may furnish them with some such dismal texts, it may be fairly questioned whether it was art that first came to exercise such potent influences for evil on national life, or other causes, indeed the national life itself, become degenerated, that used art, as it will use religion, and as it will use all things, to hasten its dissolution. Certainly, they can find nothing which justifies an assertion that the cultivation of art, in itself, leads to such results as they specify, or to justify their consequent skepticism of the value and importance of art which is national. If we ask the critics what nation stands at the head of the modern school of painting, they answer, Germany, and they give it the same place also in the realm of passionate, emotional, and universal music, with its Mozarts and its Beethovens and its Wagners. On the other hand, it is admitted that the same nation has shown the grandest power of will in scaling the heights of philosophy and penetrating the lowest depths of research, that it has shown the deepest power of love in cherishing the domestic ties, and in bowing in reverence before a Supreme Being; and both these qualities combined in rallying to guard the ancient freedom of its soil, hurling back with mailed might the fierce invasion of France, its haughty enemy. Here, then, we find the modern mistress of the arts, not enervate, but vigorous, brave and mighty: characteristics not the presage of national ruin, and not inconsistent with the possession of such a national art as we defend; for we would see no art above our power of wealth, no temple for a monument of oppression, no galleries founded on extortion, and no patronage inconsistent with democracy; but a national taste, a national spirit and a national opportunity for artistic culture, ennobling in influence, and a rebuke to much of our profitless public outlay. To this end we must have galleries and schools of our own. We can import an Esipoff or a Parepa to minister to our musical taste, and educate our musical criticism; but the architectural glories, the painted and sculptured masterpieces of the collective genius of the early ages, have been secured to the immediate possession of the European nations. It is only now and then that some worshiping pilgrim from our own land stands thrilling with a noble passion or touched with a reverent awe, before the works of men whose names are a world-wide heritage, but the inspiration of whose works must be reserved for those who view them. And it may be that there is something of advantage in our opportunity to found a national art, somewhat unique and original, and that we should not so much deplore the absence of that which would predetermine artistic types.

We certainly are free to depict our national spirit, to paint our jurists and our statesmen, to chisel our warriors and our sages — as they are — and represent on glowing canvass or in bronze and marble the historic progress of our people from their more primitive simplicity up to intensest civilization. If Phillips is right, it would be better for American youth to-day, if such men as the great orator of our Revolution did not sleep without a national monument. Assuredly America has need of these pure, these heroic and inspiring influences, and she will yet learn that there is more to be gathered than gold; more to quicken the intellect than books; more to warm the heart and stir the soul than the eloquence of the pulpit, and that something of this may be found in a national American art.

THE PLEASURES OF MALEVOLENCE.

There are few rules expressing the relation of man to man that have not exceptions. But it will hardly do, in searching after truth or some generalizing principle, to let apparent or real exceptions gain ascendency over the almost universal law. In mathematics, indeed, we require

that law or rules shall be applicable to all cases in a particular department of thought; but we cannot ask or expect that the same will be true when we consider man and his relations. But we have reason to infer that even here much that seems inconsistent or contradictory to what we believe to be the general law, is in reality due to the inability even of the master minds to comprehend their nature and their points of harmony with the great mass of cases that offer no difficulty to the classifier.

So, in saying that man does or does not delight in inflicting pain on another, we ought to expect that much may be offered seemingly hostile to either view. There is a natural and strong revulsion from the one, yet there is much that compels us to deny the other.

Without going back to the Adamite days, as many are wont to do, we will pass at once to savage life as known to us. And doubtless it will be exceedingly gratifying if we should discover that what is true among the poor barbarians, is also true, with certain modifications, among the most civilized people in the world. For any one to deny that there is a thrill of delight in the savage as he tortures his victim would be fruitless and absurd. A thousand influences tend to modify and determine the degree of that pleasure, but it does not by any means cease to exist. But we must remember that this startling and revolting form of malevolence here presented to us is not masked or concealed in the least; and for this reason is exaggerated by those accustomed to see such deeds committed under the sanction of civil law. But as a palliating fact as regards this intense savage glee, it may reasonably be claimed that much of this joy which we call pure malevolence has its foundation in a release from a sense of fear. One nation or race, as in the case of the different Indian tribes, have come either from real or fancied injuries to regard each other as enemies, and each as aiming for the destruction of the other. Hence much that appears to us as pure satanic delight in the writhings of another, is called forth by the desire of self-protection. We are willing and eager to grant even undue force to this when we find anything in civilized life that strongly resembles the cruelty of the barbarian, but we are far from being as willing to grant it in the case of the savage. But inasmuch as this lower type of mankind cares little for his own reputation, we would be ill repaid for any farther attempts to excuse or palliate his malevolence. It is not generally believed that civilized man, like the savage, delights in the infliction of bodily pain on another. But if we turn back to that dark page of history that tells of the days of the Inquisition, what is the lesson we shall read? Considering in their full force all the circumstances that had aroused a people to a frenzied excitement; remembering that in most cases the sense of duty and desire for justice were strong motive forces; yet after all this, there remains much that can be explained in no other way than by considering the cruelties of that age as similar in many respects to those of the savage when he tortures for the delight it may afford him. It cannot be denied that many of the actors in that terrible life tragedy were as consistent representatives of his Satanic majesty as have ever dishonored the world by their diabolical acts. Duty may have ruled for a time, but soon, as they press on their terrible course, all that bespeaks the man is trodden down and the fiend-like spirit reigns supreme. If one will read the sixth of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," he will see what man may become and does become when under such influences as these. Were I to read another page in history, a page that has just been written in blood, the Southern planter would be my fiend. I might find something in his actions that would place him in the *genus humanum*, I might find more that would place him in some *genus infernum*. But the page is too well known, and has been read too often. We turn to another that is also written in blood. It tells us of prison life. It tells of an erring man driven by a fiend that has hovered over him from birth, and for whose guiding presence he is not responsible. The man is morally blind and stumbling; as he necessarily must he strikes heavily against society and the

laws of man. And then a thousand fiends in human shape, boisterous and railing, will make merry over their victim. Then comes the mocking trial,—what men call justice,—and soon the black, cold prison walls will be the boundary of his life, perhaps forever.

We read on of long years of misery, of the form disfigured by the cruel blows, of the maddened brain, of the ghastly gibbet, and of death. Do we find in all this naught but justice? Are the satanic cruelties within our prison walls naught but a fantasy, a passing shadow? Did Dickens see and paint naught but the horrors of a dream? Their reality is all too true. Society plays with and torments a human soul with as much delight as does the child with its brute playmate. And for all this cruelty, it gives but one excuse—our safety demand it. Ah, yes, regard for the safety of society demands not only that a man shall be confined, perhaps for life, with the villainous and depraved, but that he shall be subjected to all the cruelties that an inventive brain can devise. Safety demands that every particle of manliness shall be crushed out of the prisoner in order that he may be fitted to re-enter social life. Such is the excuse that civilized man will give for his cruelties, his malevolence. Perhaps in no way can we see the fruits of anger, when free from all sympathy, better than on the pages of those who have painted with a master's hand the workings of the human mind. Thus we turn to England's greatest poet. In the character of Cornwall, in *King Lear*, we see the feeling of exultation in the infliction of pain, in all its terror and hideousness. As with his own hands he tears out the eyes of Gloster, he utters these terrible words, "Out, vile jelly! Where is thy lustre now?" In this we can find nothing but the feeling of intense satisfaction and delight, seemingly in keeping with the intense cruelty of the act. The sense of justice had fled; sympathy, even such as we might expect from the fiery Duke, had fled. Only revenge remained to rule in a revengeful mind. Gloster's fault—the being loyal to the King—was hardly such, even in the eyes of an enemy, to warrant severe punishment. But the Duke is dead to all but the pleasure of tormenting his victim. There is something barbaric, something satanic in the wild glee with which he does this deed. We can easily imagine with what exultation and delight he bids his servants "turn out that eyeless villain." "Villain," because he had that nobleness of character which Cornwall lacked; "eyeless," because the Duke with his own fingers had robbed him of his sight. One more illustration from the same author. In the play of *Titus Andronicus*, we find two characters representative perhaps of a larger class than that of Cornwall. The Emperor retains in prison the two sons of Titus, whom he promises to set free and return, provided the hand of the father is cut off and sent to him as proof of his affection. Yet while making this offer, tyrannous as it was, he has no intention of redeeming it except by sending back the dead bodies of the prisoners. In order to carry out this dark plot, he dispatches his messenger, a party to his measures, who obtains the required pledge in good faith from the father, to whom upon leaving he speaks thus, "I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand look by and by to share thy sons with thee;" and then speaking aside he says "Their heads I mean. O how this villainy doth fat me with the very thought of it." This surely is the pleasure of malevolence. Both the Emperor and his messenger are actuated by the same spirit, and the acts of each may be branded alike.

This much on the physical side of the question. In its moral and mental aspects it covers a wide but well known field—a field that has been often and carefully surveyed by skillful hands, and might well be left untouched by the inexperienced. It would be easy to point out at length the fruits of malevolence in this respect, but it is not an agreeable task. In brief, life is a struggle, a race with unnumbered objects as the rewards, and in the terrible strife for success we need not wonder that the fall or defeat of a competitor gives oftentimes a thrill of delight to the more successful. Whatever will aid or hasten on that defeat is resorted to; whatever will exalt self is made the servant of man, and even the reputa-

tion and good name of others is trampled defiantly in the dirt. Thus the elevating pleasure of power becomes when perverted the pleasure of malevolence. And could we trace out and bring to light the deeds of those envious, revengeful and slanderous messengers sent forth by the ambitious or depraved, we might perchance find something that would make even a poor, ignorant and degraded savage blush for his cultured brother, and utter the Pharisaical prayer. We might find that there are many who, like Mary in Dr. Holland's *Bittersweet*, are luring others hellward without a blush of shame, and like her delighting and glorying in their infernal work. "I am inclined," says Ingersoll, "to accept the theory of Darwin because I find so much in human actions seemingly produced by a happy combination of tiger, snake and jackal." But why step thus low to account for what Ingersoll calls "the infamies that have been recorded in the history of our poor world." To grant that man derives pleasure from such deeds and the thought of them solves the whole problem, and reasonably, too. To deny it, is to deny the written and unwritten history of the world — to deny the reality of the revolting scenes that pass almost daily before us; and perhaps I might add, to deny that some of our strong impulses are anything more than the flitting images of a dream. If man does not have pleasure in such deeds, then we must acknowledge that he has committed them without any end in view and under no guiding and controlling impulse. They must have been written in the book of Fate, and by the hand of Chance, and revealed to man by a power he never knew and by which he has never been influenced.

OLD SIWARD.

It is said that the Japanese never, as we understand the term, complete a picture, but always leave something which is not fully rounded out, that the one who shall observe it may in his imagination finish it for himself.

Shakespeare has to a certain extent followed this rule in the play of Macbeth. He gives in this tragedy a few passages which impart an outline of the character of Old Siward, but leaves it to us to fill up and complete it.

We learn that Old Siward was the Earl of Northumberland, and uncle of Malcolm and Donalbaine, sons of Duncan, the murdered king of Scotland. He was commander of the English forces which were sent to aid Malcolm in overthrowing the tyrant Macbeth.

From the few outlines of his character which are given us, we infer that he was a model warrior of his time. His bravery is undeniable; for he does not hesitate to accept the dangerous position of leading the first attack, but merely says, "Let us be beaten if we cannot fight." He seems to have been a man who would shrink from no post of duty. Not that his bravery was of that rash, headstrong character which we sometimes see portrayed; but rather that which is so modified by prudence as to render its possessor truly courageous. He would rush into no needless danger, but if the path of duty should lead him into peril, he would enter it without a sign of timidity.

Besides bravery, he possessed another qualification of a warrior, in readiness to encounter hardships. We imagine that when he was desired to command the English forces which were sent to aid Malcolm, he did not think for a moment of the difficulties of the way, the weariness of the marches, possibly the toils of a long siege before they would be able to overthrow the power of the usurper. Even if the thought had occurred to him he at once banished it from his mind.

He was a man of few words, one who did not indulge in the use of long, meaningless adjectives or make any extended speeches; but he said what he had to say in a few plain, chosen, Anglo-Saxon terms.

He exhibited in a marked degree for a person of his position a willingness to obey those superior to him in rank, though perhaps his inferiors in natural ability. We might expect that

he would not wish to yield the direction of the expedition to young Malcolm, yet he does not for a moment seem to think that he himself is better fitted for such a position. We cannot imagine that anything he ever did or said implied this. He takes it as a mere matter of course that he should occupy a second place, and seems always, in whatever situation he was placed, to have been ready to obey those who were over him in power.

As a commander he was respected and beloved by his soldiers. They looked up to him as a man in whom they might place implicit confidence. They were always ready to obey him, never doubting that he would foresee all dangers, and, to the best of his ability, avoid them. He would endure no breach of discipline, but, when punishment was needed, always administered it in a firm and gentle manner, making those punished feel that it was done, not on account of any personal ill-will, but for the maintenance of order.

Perhaps we see furthest into his character at the time he learns of the death of Young Siward. We judge that he was an only son, and a father with the characteristics which Old Siward possessed could not but cherish the warmest love for him. He had evidently trained him carefully for a soldier, and was expecting he would attain a place of distinction. He was the one who would be his support in old age, and occupied the position which a worthy son of so worthy a father should hold. Yet he seems to lose sight of his own disappointed hopes and personal bereavement in his solicitude to know that he maintained his honor as a soldier to the last. Being answered that he did, he resolves not to grieve, and seems to almost surpass himself when he so nobly exclaims:

> "Why, then God's soldier be he.
> Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
> I would not wish them to a fairer death:
> And so, his knell is knoll'd."

Old Siward undoubtedly had his faults: Shakespeare does not make any of his characters free from all wrong or entirely blameless. But notwithstanding this, he has combined in the character of Old Siward the courage, prudence, willingness to be led, reticence, readiness for duty, ability to govern, and sincere love for his kindred, united to family pride, which belonged to the true warrior and brave knight of that age.

A.

Q. HORATII FLACCI.

CARMEN XIII. LIBER III.

O sweet and fair Bandusian fount,
More glittering than glass,
You worthy of the sweetest wine,
Girt round with flowers and grass:
To-morrow we will sacrifice
To you a tender kid,
Whose hairy brow, now swollen large
By horns which still are hid,

Predicts for him both love and strife.
Alas! 'tis all in vain!
This offspring of the sportive flock
Shall shed his blood like rain;
Shall tinge your cool and crystal stream
With rivulets of gore,
And on your bosom fresh and sweet
A crimson flood shall pour.

The season of the burning star,
So hideous and drear,
Cannot affect your crystal pool,
So beautiful and clear.
You furnish a refreshing drink
To tired horse or ox
Unfastened from the weary yoke,
And to the wandering flocks.

You will be made a famous fount
While I in rythmic song
Tell of the holm oak on the bank,
From whence, the whole year long,
Your prattling waters trickle down
With soft, resistless flow,
Giving to all a grateful draught,
As seasons come and go.

D.

THE silent falling of snow is to me one of the most solemn things in nature. The fall of autumnal leaves does not so much affect me; but the driving storm is grand, it startles me, it awakens me, it is wild and woful, like my own soul.— *Longfellow.*

IT is not the eye, it is the mind which the painter of genius desires to address.— *Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

THE immortal gods have placed sweating in the path of excellency.— *Hesiod.*

The Undergraduate.

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EDITORIAL.

THE present term of college is not only the shortest, but seems from other causes also to pass away more rapidly than any other of the year. The vacation is not sufficiently long but that we are prepared to begin work immediately upon our return, and from that time on we are kept constantly in the harness. The last term's work has left us interested and at least habituated to study, so that this winter term is usually characterized by even more than the average degree of constant and thorough application. Thus it draws to its close with surprising swiftness, and with no examinations to attract our attention to its end. The Juniors, to be sure, are looking forward with something of interest to their coming exhibition, and the Sophomores likewise seem to experience a reprehensible and wicked delight in contemplating the approach of the same; but the unwritten oration of the Junior and, virtue compels us to say, the better, far, far better unwritten production of the Sophomore gather about them such absorbing reflections, that they "take no note of time." Then, in addition to our regular work, there are the religious meetings, and occasional and innocent diversions which answer our demands for relaxation. There are delightful evenings for coasting, skating and sleighrides; and what a fine lecture course we have! how entertaining the "Chips" are when they occur! and how quickly a few calls or a game of whist in the town cause a leisure evening to disappear! There used to be also a pleasant custom in vogue of inviting students out to other little gatherings, and of having what were called Shakespeare readings, but these for the present are in a state of suspended animation. Thus the weeks seem winged, like Homer's words: passing away from us with equal facility. The work supplied is sufficient for us, and the diversions, in the average, not too frequent or over-indulged in.

WITH the return of the intercollegiate contest and the annual meeting of the association, comes the old question, ought Middlebury to join? And it is answered by many students of the college in the affirmative. But the general interest manifested, even by those who favor the project, is slighter than could be desired. Among these it is not yet strong enough to lead to any very definite action, while the few who do not favor it have no care now, as they have never done, to give it much attention — a state of drowsy unconcern, rather than of steady preoccupation with the duties already before them. We may be told that if this interest is thus feeble, or altogether wanting, it decides the question of itself; but, on the contrary, the lack of interest, as it arises from a lack of consideration of the subject, would no doubt be supplanted by a corresponding fullness, if once the matter should receive such consideration and earnest discussion. Moreover the interest already manifested has sprung up within no very long period, and gives evidence of growth which is to continue, we hope, until sufficient for the accomplishment of the desired end. For in our own mind, to join the association would be, first of all, an excellent thing for the college. It would bring it more

before the public, and raise it in the estimation of students, at home, at other colleges, and in the fitting schools. A contact with other college culture and discipline, as well as the emulation which would arise, could not fail to quicken the spirit of scholarship and scholarly interest among us. And we believe that such an effect would not only be almost immediate, but that it would be lasting. If it is objected to these assumptions that the reverse of them would follow unless we took a creditable standing among the other representatives at the outset, we reply, that while such a result would not necessarily follow, we made this assumption from the beginning. Certainly, if we have no basis for it, if we are swathed in the grave-clothes of scholarship, it is not only derogatory to our college, but argues still more strongly the need of something to quicken us. Again, in addition to its being for the mutual advantage of the college and the student, we fail to see why the project is not practicable and easy of accomplishment. The expenses are not burdensome; in nearly all the departments of competition we should be on an equal footing with other colleges; and if we chose to compete in some more special departments, opportunities could be afforded here for a more special and thorough drill. From the latter procedure, likewise, an essentially elective element might be introduced to our curriculum — an element which it is not our present purpose to discuss, but which the majority of educators consider beneficial, within certain limits. And indeed, looking at the question in its general bearings,— basing our opinions on information received from competitors and representatives from other colleges, from the president of the association, and a somewhat careful study of the regulations and by-laws,— it seems that a final decision of it by those in whose province it would fall to decide, would probably be in the affirmative, and that in any event, if the association continues in its present status, the interest in the subject among her students will lead Middlebury at no distant date to give it a careful consideration.

Concerning the remarks of the president after chapel exercises, the other morning, it must be said that they would have been appropriate at any time and for any class of students. Yet they were peculiarly appropriate for the present, for these cold dark mornings, least of all conducive to elegance of toilet, affability of address, or that courteousness which is the result of fine feeling. They should be considered too as peculiarly appropriate for us at Middlebury. Not that students generally lack the same positive and negative characteristics, but that we should give to those remarks a personal application so intense as to form a motive and an impulse to a thorough individual reform. The various directions in which we are deficient and at fault, and which were specialized at the time, need not be restated. As students, we know what they are, and that they have no justification. We might cite great examples, and indeed the average of student life for centuries, to assist us in a mock defense; but we know also that, whether or not Beethoven was wont to deposit his garments on the piano, or Addison to write in the midst of confusion, or Dr. Johnson to be careless of his personal appearance, or Swift to be desultory and irregular, these things were not of their greatness, and the like will not contribute to ours. Yet, we can scarcely forbear direct allusion to the too common offense of defacing the walls of the college buildings; an offense senseless likewise as it is common, and criminal as it is senseless. If it is often committed in thoughtlessness, that thoughtlessness argues ill as to a man's regard for his institution, even though we do not consider it as an index to his character. If it is committed with the thought that it will add to our future renown to leave our names in black and scrawling characters here on the college walls, we are deluded. The names we find thus written are rarely those of eminence, and surely if they become the names of gentlemen, like him who returned to point out, with fond pride, his own, carved as a boy, upon the tree at Gray Friars, their bearers will have grown wiser in their conflict with the world, and more respect-

ful of the rights of private and public property. There is certainly room for betterment here.

THE NEW regulations, printed in a neat tract form, make us feel as though a new era had arrived in our college history. No more for us those treasured excuses, "I didn't hear the bell," "I was up late last night," "Couldn't get my breakfast in season," "I had callers and couldn't politely leave them." "Cutting" church, prayers and recitations is hereafter to be rigorously dealt with. When the demerits of any student reach twenty, a little missive is sent home to his papa. Very hard on the papa, we feel sure — bright hopes dashed to the ground in a moment! When forty demerits are received, another gentle message is sent home; and when the number reaches fifty, the unlucky student himself packs up his trunk and sorrowfully follows those who have gone before. This rigor, however, is mitigated a little by the canceling of all demerits at the end of the term if they do not exceed fifteen, and at the end of the year if they do not exceed thirty. On looking over these "Regulations," one is decidedly impressed with the proverbial laziness of students. It is their pride, their boast, and needs the strongest measures possible to secure a thorough counteraction. Our inclinations strongly condemn this action of the Faculty, while our better nature gives it high applause. If, even by these severe measures, the Faculty can strike off these shackles from the feet of the student, they will be rendering the greatest possible service.

IN THE matter of political economy, the Seniors are receiving a rigorous instruction. The text book is Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, but this is not used in the recitation room, except as a thorough written examination on portions of it is held every Thursday morning. In place of a daily recitation from Smith, lectures are given by the professor, with investigations and discussions of the general principles of the science, and criticisms with regard to many of its details, as presented by different writers. This system, though necessitating considerable labor, seems sure to attain the end at which it was aimed, a thorough, practical, and more or less comprehensive understanding of the subject. Concerning the *Wealth of Nations*, Dugald Stewart said, "I do not know that, upon any subject whatever, a work has been produced in our times, containing so methodical, so comprehensive and so judicious a digest of all the most profound and enlightened philosophy of the age." And thus far the work, so interesting in itself, its history and influence, appears to have commended itself to the earnest and studious attention of our Seniors.

THE *News Letter*, published at Iowa College, made some observations recently, concerning the effects in various colleges of raising their standard. It maintains that such effects are everywhere beneficial, and cites Williams and Middlebury as particular proofs. While we cannot speak for the former, at Middlebury certainly nothing has yet occurred which would cause any regret at the step taken. On the contrary, and despite the questionings of some friends of the college when this action was meditated, results have fully justified it. It is true that some of our classes are not quite so large as they might have been if things had continued in the old way, but the loss of any who could not meet the new requirements should be considered as a very slight disadvantage. As to the practice at some colleges of an easy admission, or admission on certificates, or without any examination at all, with the understanding of a thinning-out process to be performed at the end of the Freshman fall, we shall speak hereafter. It has not yet been fully tested. It may be that with modifications it would commend itself. But in her course thus far in this matter, Middlebury has met with nothing which does not give assurance that she is right. If our Iowa friends are thinking of making a change in the same direction, they will find nothing in its results here which need discourage them.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Halloo! old fellow!

What about that badge?

How about those little tracts?

Where are the Shakespeare readings?

THE UNDERGRADUATE for sale at Alden's.

No petitions thus far. Boys, what are we coming to?

Chapel exercises in the Philosophical room again — oh!

How did you pass vacation? Flam, read, hunt, sleep, canvass or plug?

This is the time to make good resolutions. Now, boys, don't cut — your girls.

Some more slipping, floundering, stumbling, cursing over the delectable Indian-file paths on the Campus.

A wise Fresh. maketh a glad Faculty, but a wicked Soph left to himself bringeth his Alma Mater to shame.

"I wish that Middlebury College was *sunk!*" exclaimed that Fresh. as he came out of his Algebra examination.

Mr. Murkland of '81 is teaching a singing-school at Bridport with good success. He has a class of seventy and more.

Perhaps the remark is getting old, but the college boys must remember to patronize those who advertise in THE UNDERGRADUATE.

Students nearly all back. The sick ones rapidly improving. Hamilton, '78, and Leonard, '79, are expected in a few weeks.

Talk about the influence ladies might have in college! Just you notice the change for the better when that sub-Fresh. makes his appearance.

The *Kaleidoscope* is out at last, and is very creditable. The addition of the cuts is heartily greeted by all. It is hoped that future classes will follow the example of the Seniors, and keep up the illustrations that add so much to its popularity.

By the way, why did the Sophs attend the meetings of the Sheep Breeders' Association so regularly? Rumor says that they are getting up a similar association in their own class. Surely they ought to get out a very presentable *Ram*, after studying the subject so profoundly.

"I have now the pleasure of introducing to you Prof. Brewer, of Yale college, who will speak on the subject of 'Parasites on Crops.'" "By goll! chum," said a Fresh. who had feasted the night before on stolen poultry, "let's go; it's getting too hot for us, I'm thinking."

If that Junior is bound to have a spring-lock on his door, let him see to it next time and not leave his key on the table when he goes out to shake his rug, or some wicked Soph will be very likely to shut the door.

By the flourish of broom and mop and the general bustle of repair, we infer that Prof. Means will soon be settled in his house on North Pleasant street. The Professor and lady spent their vacation in Philadelphia.

New Year's day passed off very agreeably. Few students were in town. The day was unusually pleasant, the ladies charming, and the only thing to regret was the scarcity of gentlemen. This, however, did not alloy the pleasure of the few who were wise enough to take advantage of the lavish bounty of the ladies.

The lecture of Prof. B. Kellogg, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, on "Expression," delivered in Academy Hall, Dec. 28, was fully attended. It was delivered off-hand and in the Professor's happiest vein. It was very practical, especially to students. The humorous illustrations brought in frequently made it appreciable to every person in the audience.

Forefather's passed off with unusual jollity. The address of Prof. Brainerd was fresh, clean-cut and of unusual interest. Those students who were absent lost a rare treat. The supper following was fully attended, and the thrilling execution of "The Mistletoe Bough," in which several students took prominent characters, the fine music and the delectable eatables combined to make the entertainment the most jovial event of the season.

The agricultural meetings on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst. were of great interest to the students. Prof. Brewer, of Yale, was especially pleasing, and his discourses were of great practical value. Prof. Perkins, of Burlington, fully sustained his reputation as a deep and practical thinker. Col. Mead's remarks on education were to the point, and his view of the relations of the two colleges of Vermont was listened to with attention. He was in favor of having Burlington give up the classics and devote herself to science and agriculture. This is the sentiment of many of the ablest men in the state.

Freshman bursting suddenly into a Junior's room. Fresh.: "Why! my dear friend! what is the matter?" Jun.: "I-i-i-cgks! i-i-i-kcths [putting his hands feelingly to his stomach] i-i-i-i-i-ktezsf——O!" Screaming "Help!" the Fresh. runs for the water-pitcher and pours three or four quarts of ice-water over the Junior, who gasps and sits down to get breath. He waits not long; casting a terrible glance at the coal-shovel he grasps it and with blow on blow lays the innocent Fresh. on his back, and with a loathing smile kicks him out of the room, exclaiming, "You fool! can't you tell the difference between the German alphabet and a man in a fit!!!"

PERSONALS.

'35. Rev. H. D. Kitchel, D. D., is spending the winter at the South.

'36. Mr. John H. Whiteside, of Champlain, N. Y., was in town recently.

'46 and '38. At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Middlebury National bank at their banking rooms, Jan. 8th, they elected John W. Stewart and J. G. Wellington on the board of directors; John W. Stewart, President; J. G. Wellington, Cashier.

'47. We clip the following from *The Sunday Post*, of Cleveland, Ohio: "Middlebury College is located in a small town. Although not as widely known as some institutions of the kind, it is an admirable college and has produced first-class men, among them Professor Boardman, of the Chicago Theological Seminary."

'51. Professor Albee spent the vacation at his mother's home, Allston, N. H.

'59. We take the following from the December number of the *Oberlin Review*: "Last Thursday evening Rev. Mr. Blake, of Cleveland, delivered an address to the citizens and students, in Council Hall Chapel. His subject was 'What to Say and How to Say it.' Friday morning the same gentleman gave an excellent address to the students of the Seminary. He spoke in favor of extempore preaching. These addresses by Mr. Blake are the first of a series to be given by pastors from the surrounding towns to the students in the Seminary."

'61. Mr. R. A. Donaldson has been appointed assistant passenger and ticket agent of the Central Pacific, with office at San Francisco.

'62 and '68. At the regular semi-annual meeting of the Odd Fellows at Middlebury, on the 9th inst., N. F. Rider was installed as N. G; J. M. Slade as V. G.

'64. Rev. George W. Scott is pastor of a thriving church at Fitchburg, Mass.

'65. Prof. H. H. Shaw, of Burr and Burton Seminary, is poorly, and unless his health improves will have to give up his important work at that place.

'68. Prof. E. H. Higley lectured on "The Artful Dodger," at Westport, N. Y., on the evening of Dec. 27th. The *Essex County Republican* gives a graphic account of the lecture and commends it very highly. Speaking of the character of the wire-pulling Congressman, it says: "Any attempt to reproduce it here would prove a failure. For one to appreciate it, he must see and hear Prof. Higley in his masterly portrayal of this character. It certainly was the keenest satire on the artful dodges of the professional lobbyist that we have ever heard."

'69. Rev. Martin E. Cady is principal of Jennings Seminary, Aurora, Ill. The school is in a very prosperous condition, having increased its attendance one-third since he entered upon his work there.

'74. Rev. T. W. Darling, of Yale Theological Seminary, preached at Ferrisburgh, Jan. 6th.

'76. Horace James is on the editorial staff of the *Oberlin Review*, as representative from the Beth Nun Aleph Society.

'77. C. B. Moody has entered the Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn. He stopped at Middlebury on his way down.

'78. R. H. Smith, in addition to his office work, is attending the Columbia Law School.

'78. Fremont Hamilton, chief editor of the *Kaleidoscope*, is unwell and will not be able to return to his college duties for a few weeks.

'79. John A Barrett, of the editorial staff, has left college for the year, on account of ill health. We hope to welcome him back next year.

'79. I. E. Leonard is convalescent and expects to return to college work in two or three weeks.

'79. E. N. Farnsworth is teaching at Brandon.

'81. Frank R. Utley has been supplying the place of the professor of the sciences at Burr and Burton Sem. during the past vacation.

'81. Frank C. Partridge has left college on account of ill health. He returns next fall.

THE SANCTUM.

THE UNDERGRADUATE makes its profoundest bow to the Seminary papers of Vermont, gratified to learn that it could be so deeply missed and thanking them for their kind remembrance.

The Rochester *Campus* has an article on "The Social and Political Significance of the Vision of Piers the Plowman," well worth the reading; also a very good parody on Gray's Elegy. The issue would have been better, though, if the other metrical selections had been omitted.

We have received the second number of *The Ariel*, published at the University of Minnesota. Its principal excellence is its local column, though it has a very good department of personals. The two pages entitled "Editor's Note Book" are quite creditable, but not interesting as contents of a college journal. The editorials are too long and not sufficiently numerous, while the literary matter is certainly open to criticism. We might say the same of its name, but on this point will yield to Leigh Hunt in his criticism of Pope. However, we wish *The Ariel* well, and feel sure that it will improve with age.

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